

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME V.

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Swallow and Company, Sugar-makers.

BY FLORENCE PHINNEY.

In Three Parts. Part I.

Our readers who remember the stories of the Swallow children in their home on a farm in Maine will be glad to meet them again in this account of their further adventures. It isn't a baby they find this time. What do you guess it is?

ONE warm day in March, in a rough cabin on the mountain-side, an event occurred of great importance to five young people and a dog.

There was a faint, sweet smell in the room. A fire burned drowsily in the old red stove. Two large kettles, covering the stove's entire top, bubbled with a singing noise.

Outside, there were many gaunt, leafless trees, each with its wooden trough and bucket attached. This was Daniel Swallow's sugar orchard, where the awakening life of the maples was converted into sugar and "sap syrup."

The five children stood around the stove in breathless excitement. Fran lifted one of the wooden paddles and let the thick golden liquid slowly drip from it.

"It must be done," she said.

"Be sure it's thick enough," cautioned Tom.

"It isn't a bit scorched," declared Floss, tasting judicially.

"Give me some!" "Give me some!" clamored Jack and Jill.

Bige, the dog, suddenly retreated to the door, barking. He remembered how curiosity as to the contents of a steaming saucer earlier in the day had resulted to him in a burnt nose.

"Ladies and gentlemen, dogs and children, and members of the Firm," cried Fran, waving a wooden spoon to enforce attention; "I now have the honor to announce to you that the first kettleful of syrup—is done!"

"Hurrah!" piped little Jack.

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" cried all the Swallows together.

While the noise was at its height, the door was pushed cautiously open. First, a very dirty pipe appeared, then the face of an old man, so seamed and wrinkled that it might have been carved out of the shell of a walnut. He surveyed the scene before him with a smirk.

"Where's your father?" he asked.

No one heard him. The ceremony of tasting the syrup was about to begin. Every one held a wooden spoon filled from the bubbling kettle. All waited for the signal.

"Here's luck to the firm of Swallow and Company, Sugar-makers! Now!" cried Tom.

Everybody tasted and of course got a burnt tongue.

There was necessarily a moment of silence. The old man tried again: "Ur-r-uhm! Father to home?"

"Oh, Mr. Flint, come in; we didn't see you," Floss apologized.

"You wuz makin' consider'ble noise," complained the old man, letting his pipe slide to one corner of his wrinkled mouth. "So Dan'l's begun to bile?"

"We are doing it this year," Tom explained. "Father's in the woods."

"So I presumed likely. Father away all day, I suppose."

"Yes; it's late when he gets through."

"S'pose he won't have any sap-sweet wuth sellin' this year," commiserated the old man.

"Why, Mr. Flint, or course we shall sell it," cried Fran, indignantly. "You just taste this."

Mr. Flint slowly removed his pipe, and looked around the room. From his point of view the place was absurdly clean. Finally he went to the door and returned before he tasted.

"Ur-r-uhm! Purty fair for children's work," he admitted. "I might sell it for you for a consideration. Mixed with mine, nobody'd know the diffunce; or, seein' it's you, I'll give ye twenty-five cents a gallon for it right out; all you can make."

"No, thank you!" Tom and Fran spoke in concert. "Father has a dollar a gallon for it. He has his regular customers," Tom added. "We are going to sell it ourselves."

"You don't say! Guess I better ride over t'he woods and see your father."

He hastily departed without leave-taking.

"Ugh!" coughed Floss. "Open all the windows and the door! How old do you suppose that pipe is?"

"It won't do him any good to see father," Tom declared angrily.

"No," exulted Fran; "when father has once given his word, it goes."

It promised to be an unusually good maple-syrup year. The snow had come late. The ice had been slow to harden in the ponds. A bright, sunny Candlemas Day predicted that "winter would take another flight." Sure enough, after that the snow fell steadily for a week with an ever-falling temperature. Then the farmers, who had been fretting in idleness, had their work cut out for them: lumbering, hauling wood for fuel, packing ice for the creameries in summer; and barely two months at most before the spring thaws.

"I don't see how I can manage the maple orchard this year," Mr. Swallow had said at breakfast a few days before.

There was a quick exchange of glances between Tom and his sisters, Fran and Floss, but it was Anna, the eldest sister, who spoke.

"Why don't you let some one do it on shares, father?"

"Who is there? Every one for miles around has more than he can do."

"Oh, father," signed Fran, the audacious, "don't you see the great army of the unemployed all around you?"

Mr. Swallow gave a startled glance in the direction of the window. As First Selectman, tramps were getting on his nerves; but no vagrant citizen met his gaze.

"She means herself and me," explained Floss, the other twin.

"Oh," laughed her father, "I thought you were sewing rags for a carpet."

"We've struck," announced Fran, simply.

"Women don't do such things, now. Rag carpets collect germs. We want to go into the maple syrup business. With a little help from Tom, Floss and I can do it very well."

"Huh!" was Tom's indignant comment.

Mr. Swallow regarded his three middle children with a smile of indulgence and amusement. Then his face sobered.

"What do you say, Tom?" he asked his elder son.

"If you can spare me from the woods, father," Tom answered quietly, "the girls and I think we can make the syrup this year."

"It will mean work," their father warned them, "and Anna must not be bothered with it. She has all she can do now. I have a chance to hire another driver for the woods for a few weeks. If you young people want to take the responsibility of the maple orchard, I have no objection. But it will be work and not play, remember."

"Oh, father," cried Fran, whose imagination would not let her make "all work" of anything, "why can't we call ourselves the firm of Swallow and Company, Sugar-makers? And won't you be a member of the firm?"

"Thanks for the honor," smiled father. "Is the firm unanimous in that invitation?"

"It is," they said; but Tom looked a little disappointed.

"Very well," said Mr. Swallow: "in that case I accept. I will be a silent partner with one share of the profits. You are not to come to me for advice except in cases of emergency."

Tom smiled again.

So it was settled. That very day the trees were tapped, and the buckets and troughs scoured within an inch of their lives, Floss said.

Swallow and Company made their first kettle of syrup two days after, as the first part of this story tells.

"Anna," Fran asked, appearing in the kitchen door in the middle of the next forenoon, "haven't you something else I can take to hold that sap? Everything is full, and Jack and I shall be washed down the mountain if it keeps on running at this rate."

"I can let you have the bread-mixer till night. Are both the kettles full?"

"Yes, and boiling like mad. Jacky's watching. I made him promise not to put one more stick on the fire. Tom and Floss have gone to town with what we made yesterday. Father gave us a list of his old customers. I saved a pitcherful for supper to-night. I was so disappointed that father could not come home last night. Well, I must run back, or Jack and Jill will set the cabin afire. Doughnuts? Don't know but I will, Anne dear."

Fran and the bread-mixer disappeared.

(To be continued.)

Three Travellers.

BY ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

The Rillet.

THE rillet's tinkle, tinkle,
Where the mosses wrinkle, wrinkle,
Fairly seems to sprinkle, sprinkle,
All the air with little notes of sound;
And its waters mingle, mingle,
With a cheery tingle, tingle,
Till they make a jingle, jingle,
Ere they flow into a brook on lower ground.

The Brook.

Murmuring, murmuring melodious melodies,
Softly the brook goes all the day long;
Muffled then merrily, musingly muttering,
Murmurer musical is he in song,
Till through the meadow-lands wandering
slow
He joins with the river below.

The River.

Solemnly, seriously, ponderously glides
The river along to the sea;
He passes by city and countrysides,
But never a song sings he.
Calmly and steadily, silently ever,
Raising his voice in stormy tones never,
Flows on the river till far, far away,
He mingles at last in the ocean gray.

The Honor Roll.

BY CLARA HERSOM WEEKS.

"OH, mamma!" cried six-year-old Billie as he ran in from school one day, "do you know what h-o-n-o-r spells?" He was very much excited, and his eyes shone like stars, as he gazed at his mother expectantly.

Mother looked at the little boy, and smiled as only mothers can. He was so very much in earnest that she was sure something important had happened.

"Why, let me think," pondered mother. "When I was a little girl, and went to school, h-o-n-o-r spelt honor, and I used to wonder why it was not spelt 'o-n-o-r.' Have you had that word in school to-day, Billie?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed the little boy, jumping up and down, "and I'm in it," he added proudly.

"In it?" asked mother, in a puzzled voice.

"Yes, mamma, and the second on the list. You see, teacher has an Honor Roll, written in big letters on the board, and all the children she can trust have their names in it, and mine is second. That's what it means. Didn't you know? Honor means trust,

mamma," and Billie looked surprised. He thought mothers knew everything.

"Why, so it does," said mother, softly. "Trust, and lots of other things, too, son. I'm very glad my boy is in the Roll."

A few days later, Billie came in from school with rather a swagger. He hung up his coat and cap, thrust his hands deep into his small pockets, and announced with a lordly air, "I'm board-eraser for a week."

Mother and father were interested at once. Even Maje, Billie's small terrier, pricked up his ears, wagged his tail, and grinned at his little master.

"Indeed," said father. "Well, son, see that your work is done as well as it can be done. Don't shirk, and look out for the corners."

"Sure I will, papa," promised Billie, adding quickly, "You know only the fellows whose names are on the Honor Roll can be board-erasers."

"Oh, I see," nodded father, and gave Billie an extra helping of roast beef and gravy. "Now you're at work, you must eat hearty, son."

"That's so," assented Billie, gravely.

For three days Billie was fifteen minutes late coming from school, owing to his duties, as the boards could not be cleaned till after school was dismissed. The fourth day, he was so very much later that mother became worried.

It happened that, after school was dismissed that afternoon, the pretty young teacher said to Billie:

"William, I have an errand to do before four o'clock. I'll run out now, and will be back before your work is done. You will not mind being alone for a few minutes, will you? There are boys in the next room cleaning their boards, so you'll not be lonesome."

Now Billie did not like the idea of staying alone, one bit, but he adored his pretty young teacher, so he answered stoutly, "I'll stay, Miss Ellis," and off the teacher hurried.

Billie could hear the larger boy in the next higher room, whistling under his breath, and going thump! thump! as he cleaned his boards, so he began to go thump-thump, too. It was lonesome, though, and the room looked so large and empty. He glanced around fearfully, and his eye caught sight of his own name on the Honor Roll, written in teacher's best writing. It was queer, he thought, but his name, William A. Hermann, seemed to stand out plainer than the others. Cheered a little, he resumed his work, remembering his father's advice about the corners.

Suddenly it came over the busy boy that it was very quiet. He listened, but not a sound could he hear in the next room. He ran out in the corridor. Not a soul in sight! His coat and cap hung there alone on hook number nine, looking so forlorn and neglected that a sob rose in Billie's throat in spite of him.

"My, it's awful late!" he thought. "I'm going home. Mother will be worried." He paused there, hardly breathing. "The teacher must have forgotten. I'm—I'm going home!" and he moved towards his coat and cap. Then he stopped, thinking hard. The Honor Roll! Boys she could trust! He drew a long breath, and his courage rose. He would stay a little longer and finish his work. Why, the boards *must* be clean for to-morrow!

Suddenly the click of a door in the hall below startled him. He ran to a window overlooking the street, and was terrified to

see the janitor walking off, without a backward glance, as if his day's work was over.

Billie rushed down the stairs, the clatter of his feet making such a noise that he felt he was being followed by twenty boys. He tried the boys' door, and then, rushing across the hall, the girls' door, but they were both locked, or at least his small hands could not open them, and then the tears would come, and who could blame him?

Locked in, and soon it would be dark! The pretty young teacher had forgotten him, and mother! Oh, she would be so sorry and worried.

He tiptoed, sobbing, back to his own room, which seemed really the nearest to home, and tried to think. Again his name stood out in the Honor Roll in a startling way. He couldn't seem to see the others at all. His boards! He finished them and clapped the erasers together to get out the chalk-dust, and if things looked blurry through tears that would come, why he was no less a man for that.

Then he curled himself up in one of the broad window-sills, and waited. Perhaps, he thought hopefully, mother might come and look for him. He glanced over his shoulder at the rows of desks, and tried to imagine them soldiers, marching, marching, straight ahead; but the school-room looked so different when the sun was getting low and threw such long, long shadows, that he shivered, and pressed his face close to the glass for company.

He looked down on the familiar street, and then—he jumped up and down, pounded frantically on the window-pane, and jumped again and again.

The janitor, passing the school on his way down-town, was amazed to see a little figure, in a blue sailor suit, acting like a Jack-in-the-box, at one of the windows.

A minute later Billie was racing home, and was just trying to tell mother how it happened, when the pretty young teacher rushed in, breathless.

"Oh, Billie! I'm so sorry and ashamed. I was talking and forgot the time. I saw the janitor let you out (he told me you were locked in), and I ran all the way here, but couldn't catch you. Will you forgive me, Billie?" and the pretty young teacher did, indeed, look anxious and sorry.

Billie was safe at home, and nothing else mattered.

"That's all right," he assured her, and away he and Maje flew for a merry romp before supper.

Spring's Courier.

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON.

AS o'er the tree-tops gaunt and bare
March jubilantly rides,
We wait for him to show us where
Miss Pussy Willow hides;
To open the song sparrow's throat
Alit upon a bough,
And make the farmer long to grasp
The handle of the plow.

The winds of March are blithe and bold,
They reck not where they blow,
So they unlock the door of spring
Through which we long to go.
And though Miss Pussy flaunts her furs,
March knows they're a disguise,
And that she'll drop them when she feels
The lure of April skies.

A Rhyme of Spring.

DOWN by the willow brook
I heard this song in spring,
And so I wrote the words for you
The pussy willows sing:

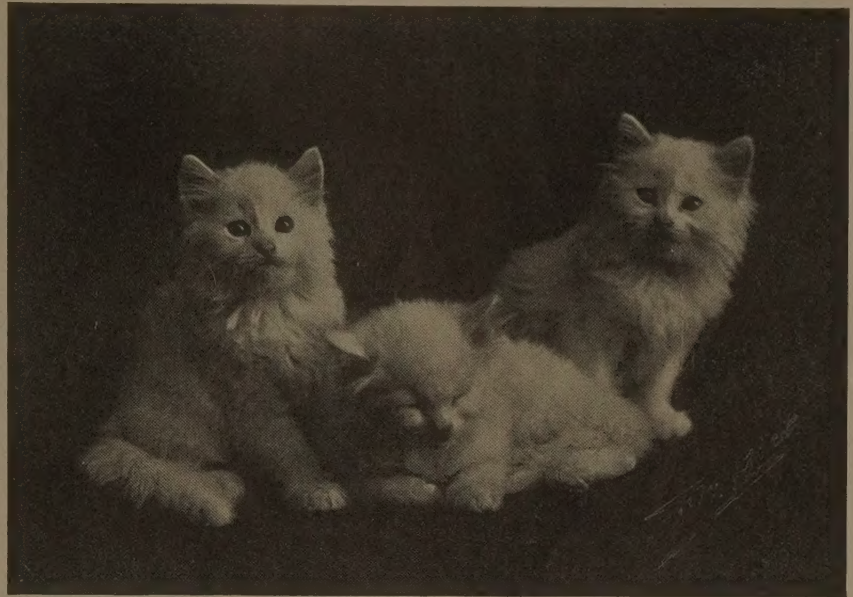
"Sing a song of pussy cats
All in a row;
When the sun at morning wakes,
We begin to grow.

"When the sun at night goes down,
Pussies go to bed,
Each a little nightcap brown
On her fuzzy head.

"Pussy hugs the willow bough
As Mother Nature taught her;
We'd come down and play with you,
But we're afraid of water."

Down by the willow brook
I heard this song in spring;
Go, children, find the sheltered nook
And hear the pussies sing.

MARY V. HOBART,
in Scattered Seeds.



By F. W. Rice.

SOME REAL PUSSIES.

What we learn in our Sunday School.

Gleanings from the memory work at Rowe, Mass.

I. We are learning that we owe a Duty to Ourselves.

"To thine own self be true,
And it will follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."
"A good tree," said Jesus, "will bring forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree will bring forth evil fruit."

II. We are learning that at all times we owe a Duty to our Family and Friends.

Jesus said, "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." A wise man of old said, "It is not life to live for ourselves alone,—let us help one another."

III. We are learning that we owe a Duty to the State which helps and protects us.

A great Roman wrote: "Thou art a man, set at thy post for the benefit of the state. Whatever I can do ought to be directed to this end alone,—usefulness to the community."

IV. We are learning that we owe a Duty to the Nation in which we live.

Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.

V. We are learning that we owe a Duty to our Brothers and Sisters everywhere, of whatever race, sect, or creed.

"We are all members of one great family, and if one member suffers, all members suffer also."
"Let me live in the house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man."

VI. We are learning that we have a Duty of Loyalty to our Faith.

We should sustain, encourage, promote the Faith which has helped us, and which in our eyes is the truth concerning God and Man.

VII. We are learning that we have a Duty to God, our Father and our Friend. It is a Duty of Worship and Service.

"God is a spirit," said Jesus, "and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

Ten Peas in a Pod.

A little seed lay in the moist brown earth, and talked to itself:—

"Oh, how dark it is! How I wish I could see! How queer I feel! I think I am swelling. I'm afraid I shall burst my coat. Why, I'm swelling faster and faster. I'm sure I shall burst my coat. There! I *knew* I should! Pop! it's burst, sure enough!"

The little seed put out a pale green shoot and a little green rootlet, but she kept on talking.

"I can put out my arm and my foot. I'm glad the old coat burst. I feel freer and—why, now my little arm is pushing—push—push. I do believe I'm going up out of my brown bed. Hurrah! I *am* going to see the light! It is lighter—it is quite bright. Hurry—hurry!"

The little shoot pierced the brown clod; and, if you had been there, you might have heard it as it cried out: "Oh, how lovely this is! What beautiful clouds! Is that the sun? Good morning, splendid sun! And what is that music? It's a bird, a brown bird! Good morning, thrush. A pear blossom is dropping on my head. Good morning, pear blossom! Oh, how happy I am!" And the pale green shoot opened its tiny hands, and for pure joy shook its tiny green leaves out of their bud.

Just then a little boy came down the garden path. He had a rake, a hoe, and a wheelbarrow.

"O mamma!" he shouted. "See, see, a little plant has come up in my garden."

"What kind of seed is it, Arthur?"

"A pea, I think, mamma. I planted them a week ago to-day."

"We will mark this little plant," said mamma, "the first to come up. And we will watch it, and see what happens to it."

So Arthur ran to the house and brought mamma a bit of scarlet wool, which she tied around the plant.

The days flew by and very joyously to the little plant. Around it grew its brothers and sisters. They, too, had burst their coats and spread their green leaves. They stood

in shining rows, with curling tendrils and swelling buds. Every morning early the little boy came out to look at them.

One day, he was sure he heard the little plant say softly: "I think I am going to have a blossom, a lovely pink and white blossom. Little bud, I must hold you up to the sun. Grow, little bud, grow fast!" And, when he came the next day, there was the pink and white flower with wings outspread, as if to fly.

"O mamma, mamma, my plant has a blossom! May I touch it? May I pick it?"

"No," said mamma. "You must let it be and watch it every day. Perhaps you will then find something else by and by."

Soon the pink and white petals began to grow brown. The little plant mourned. "What shall I do? My blossom is fading. But something better is coming,—a tiny pod. Fall, little petals. Let the pretty pod grow and grow in the glad bright sunshine."

"Mamma," said Arthur, "the first flower has fallen." And then she showed him the tiny pod.

Fast fell the petals from the shining rows; larger, longer, rounder grew the green pods. And one morning Arthur's mamma came with her scissors and one by one cut off the plump full pods and put them in her basket.

Arthur picked the first pod, and tied around it a scarlet thread. They sat on the piazza steps, and opened the pods. In the little pod with the scarlet thread he counted "one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine—ten—little balls."

"Mamma," he said, "I wish I might know at dinner just what peas grew on my plant."

So mamma made a tiny bag of fine netting for the ten peas, and dropped them into the boiling water. Bubble, bubble, sang the water. Dance, dance, went the peas. And, when Arthur sat down to dinner, there in the centre of the dish of peas was the little bag of netting.

"What have we here?" asked papa.

"The peas from my vine," shouted Arthur.

Then mamma cut the netting and out rolled the ten peas into a saucer.—*Our Little Men and Women.*

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From the Editor to You.

Our Share. "All are needed by each one," said one of our great American poets, Ralph Waldo Emerson. The joy of doing one's work is in the thought that it is part of a great whole. Each one of us, from the least to the largest, is needed. If you learned, as the Editor hopes you did, the little poem to which she called attention last week, you have been saying to yourself,

"God's great blue day is incomplete
Without my work well done."

That has made you think—has it not?—how important your share is. In the home life, the littlest child has some part to play. He must do his share. In church and Sunday school there is something for every boy or girl to do. In the city or town where we live we bear our part. The simplest task of every child, every duty done, helps to make up the sum of life. Wanting your share, the whole world is poorer.

A story is told of Sir Michael Costa, who was leader of the great orchestra at the Crystal Palace in London, that one day at rehearsal he rapped with his baton on the music rack and said, "Flageolet is not playing." There were many instruments in the orchestra, some of them large with a loud tone. All were playing together. The flageolet is one of the smallest, yet the ear of the music-master missed its note from the whole great volume of sound. The musician's thought was not perfectly given unless the little flageolet played its part.

Shall we not believe that God, who is the life of all this great world, misses our share in its love and service if we fail to give it?

Sunday School News.

FIVE boys from the Lenox Avenue Sunday School in New York presented a character farce, "Mrs. Flynn's Lodgers," so successfully, that the school has organized a Dramatic Society. A play written by one of its members, called "George Washington," was given February 26. This Society is a self-governing body. There are three committees,—on dramatic literature, on stage decorations, and on costumes. All scenery is home painted. All the pupils like the work and are making the Society a great success.

Our school at Worcester numbers seventy pupils, and is maintaining an excellent attendance during the winter months. There is in the school an adult class of fifteen members which has been in existence for years, of which the school is justly proud.

THE BEACON CLUB

Letters must be written on *only one side* of the paper, Address, THE BEACON CLUB, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

EVANSTON, ILL.,
914 Crain Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday school. I am nine years old and am very interested in *The Beacon* and would like to get a button. We are going to have the use of a sewing room in one of the schools, and we will make clothes for the Belgians, and we will go every Saturday at the school. I do not think you can accept this and put it in the paper because my writing is not very good, and I don't see how you can expect it to be, when I have only been in school a year. No, I do not believe I have been in that long. But I do want a button very much.

Sincerely yours,
ALICE BEREMAN.

Alice's writing is very good indeed, and we trust she has received the Club button which was sent her, and will remember to keep her life a little light shining to bless her playmates and friends.

SAINT CLOUD, MINN.,
807 4th Avenue, So.

Dear Editor,—I belong to the Unitarian Sunday school, and like *The Beacon* Sunday school paper very much, especially the puzzles on the back page.

I suppose you have the people send you the enigmas, and so this morning when I got through reading *The Beacon* I made an enigma and I want to send it to you. You will find it enclosed.

Truly yours,
VIRGINIA LOUISE WOODWARD.

EVANSTON, ILL.,
914 Crain Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the Unitarian Sunday school in Evanston. I am ten years of age. Our church is very small, but it is very pretty. The architect of our church is now in Australia, helping build the new city capitol. She and her

husband drew the plans for it. I like to read *The Beacon* very much.

With love,
CAROL CONE.

The Editor has seen the beautiful little church in Evanston which was designed by a woman architect, and is glad to have this account of it from one of the members of its Sunday school.

NEWPORT, R.I.,
1 HOPE STREET,
Dec. 6, 1914.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of Channing Sunday school, Newport, R.I. There is quite a number in our school. There are four in my class. Mr. Jones is our minister. I like your paper very much.

Yours truly,
MADELINE GOSLING.
(Age 9.)

Shall we say "our" paper, Madeline? Every boy or girl who writes an interesting letter for the Club, or tells the Editor of something in the paper that was especially liked, or who sends a puzzle for the Recreation Corner, is helping to make *The Beacon* worth while for all its readers.

Letters have also been received from Gretchen Kyne, San Francisco (who sends an enigma); Marjorie F. Hagerthy, eight, and Bertha L. Hagerthy, five years old, both members of the Unitarian Sunday school in Ellsworth, Me.; Elsbeth Dean (11), who much enjoys the Unitarian Sunday school and her teacher in Dunkirk, N.Y.; Helen Stricklen, of the First Parish Sunday school, Dorchester, Mass., and Hazel Damon of the Unitarian Sunday school of Rockland, Mass.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLVI.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 11, 12, 13, is a personal pronoun.
My 3, 6, 2, 4, 3, are worn on the feet.
My 5, 4, 9, 3, are a vegetable.
My 7, 8, 4, is a boy's name.
My 10, 9, 5, is worn on the head.
My 1, 9, 13, is a crowd.
My whole is the name of a celebrated violinist.

ENIGMA XLVII.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 2, 4, 7, is a part of a house.
My 5, 8, 10, is a small bear.
My 1, 11, 7, 4, is land higher than the rest.
My 10, 12, 1, is an exclamation of disgust.
My 1, 8, 7, 4, is a town in Massachusetts Bay.
My 10, 2, 4, 4, is something that a baby plays with.
My 10, 8, 7, 4, is a large horned animal.
My 7, 3, 9, 10, is part of a tree.
My 12, 7, 4, means whole of anything.
My 5, 6, 9, 10, is what we use with our hair.
My whole is a song.

VERA McCAFFREY.

MORE CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

1. Helped Beat Slavery.
2. Mighty Leader.
3. Brilliantly Nonsensical.
4. Declamatory Weightiness.
5. His Writings Last.
6. Terrible Complainer.
7. Comical Delineator.
8. Always Loyal.
9. Came Confidently.
10. Our Well-known Humorist.

HERMANN H. HOWARD.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

EXAMPLE: Transpose colorless, and make to jump. Answer: pale, leap.

1. Transpose a tropical plant, and make a means of illumination.
2. Transpose not easily broken, and make should.
3. Transpose twisted, and make cautious.
4. Transpose to let, and make a frame for holding a picture.
5. Transpose experienced, and leave forsook.
6. Transpose coarse flour, and leave crippled.

The foregoing words are not all of the same length. When they have been rightly guessed and transposed, the initial letters will spell the name of a famous poet.
St. Nicholas.

A WORD SQUARE.

1. Animate existence.
2. Mental image of picture.
3. Dread.
4. To gain as a just pay for one's labor.

GEORGE E. HAM.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 22.

ENIGMA XLII.—Spring Beauty.

ENIGMA XLIII.—My Old Kentucky Home.

TWISTED FRUITS.—1. Grapefruit. 2. Apricot. 3. Prunes. 4. Constantinople. 5. Melon. 6. Oranges. 7. Olive. 8. Figs. 9. Tangerine. 10. Pomegranate.

THIRTY BIRDS SEEN IN 1914.—1. Robin. 2. Blue Jay. 3. Nuthatch. 4. Oriole. 5. Quail. 6. Flicker. 7. Thrush. 8. Chickadee. 9. Warbler. 10. Swallow. 11. Grosbeak. 12. Woodpecker. 13. Grackle. 14. Sparrow. 15. Crow. 16. Phebe. 17. Owl. 18. Dove. 19. Starling. 20. Junco. 21. Meadow Lark. 22. Wren. 23. Chipping. 24. Gold Finch. 25. Vireo. 26. Cat Bird. 27. Red Start. 28. Scarlet Tanager. 29. Chewink. 30. Cardinal.